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OR,

THEATRICAL

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MRS. W. WEST.

"Behold! how West can paint the lover's pain,
What various passions animate her frame;
Her colour fades, she faints in tender lays,
Her pulse beats languid, and her sense decays;
Then in a rapid tide of passion tost,
Her weak tongue falters, and her voice is lost;—
Again her soul revives, her breath returns,
Again she shivers, and again she burns;
Each hearer's bosom feels her various care,
Warm'd by her flame, or chill'd by her despair."

DELACOURT.

It has been observed, that all, but more especially female dramatic talent is at a very low ebb, and that there are no instances of great female merit on the stage. But, in this position, we can by no means coincide—for, in our opinion, that so far from being scarce, our good *actresses* are even

more numerous than our good *actors;* and with one or two exceptions, attain to a higher point of excellence than is within the reach of male talent. Their adherence to nature is much more strict, and the vivacious irregularity of their performances is far beyond the study and labour of mankind. In proof of our assertion, we need only bring forward the names of KELLY, DAVISON, BOOTH, FOOTE, ORGER, CHATTERLEY, EDMISTON, BRUNTON, BUNN, MACAULEY, GLOVER, and the present subject of consideration. How these ladies may admire so sweeping a condemnation, it is impossible to say; but certainly, he who could with so much *gallantry* deal it out, must have been possessed of neither *eyes, ears,* nor *understanding.*

In Mrs. WEST, we perhaps view the *very best* tragic actress of the present day—she is possessed of great genius, and has by close application and study, cultivated that genius to the highest pitch of excellence—and her performances may be ranked as very little, (if any) inferior to those of Miss O'NEILL. The whole appearance of "*this divine perfection of a woman,*" is most admirably adapted for tragic expression—and "her fair large front, and eye sublime, declare absolute rule." She made her first appearance on the Drury Lane boards, in the character of *Desdemona,* and we then hailed her as a most promising actress—nor have our expectations been disappointed—she has since that time been progressively ascending to the summit of excellence, and has now attained that eminence from which nothing can displace her. The character of *Desdemona* has usually been played by any pretty puppet, this lady, however, raised it to its proper rank, and gave it that interest which it so justly requires. This character is a lover, it is true, but her love for *Othello,* built upon esteem, though it may be as lasting, is not violent, as that irresistible passion which bears down every thing in its way, and sets reason, caution, and the world at naught, when placed in competition with its desired object. *Desdemona's* love is a mild steady flame, which fills her whole heart—but has no opportunity of displaying itself by any heroical sacrifices; and though the torments of *Othello* commence early in the play, she receives no hint of them till quite the latter end; even then her only feeling is grief at his anger, and a confused wonder

after the cause, with which she is not thoroughly acquainted, till death precludes the possibility of any violent workings of rage or indignation. Thus, though there is a succession of varying sensations, there are none carried to any extraordinary height; yet there are certainly few performances which demand a more skilful supporter. The greatest praise of Mrs. W., is, that she does not "*overstep the modesty of nature,*" thus in her representation of the character, there is no turgid attempt at sublimity, but a chaste, corrected vein of feeling is the leading and most prominent feature. But if we were much pleased with her in *Desdemona*, in *Belvidera*(1) she proved herself the possessor of talents of the brighest order—she presented us with a picture of the sorrows of the virtuous wife, in which vigour and delicacy were felicitously blended. Her alarm and distraction, on being delivered to the conspirators, were expressed with energy and nature—and in the scene, in which she is deserted by *Jaffier*, she was entitled to the same praise. The manner in which she replied to the charge "*Would she have e'er betrayed her Brutus?—No—For Brutus trusted her,*" was most just and forcible; her sudden start and exclamation at "*How parting, parting!*"—the exquisite tenderness of her supplications, and the despairing look and tone with which she utters "*Oh my poor heart, when wilt thou break!*" and the rapturous joy, with which she turns, on hearing her husband return, and rushing into his arms, were excellent; and in her mad scene she was, if possible, greater. The manner in which she repeated the words "*For ever,*" thrilled the whole house; nor was the last scene less effective, particularly during the recital of the death of *Jaffier*; the frantic vagueness of her attention, the wildness of her look, the quivering of her lip, and the scream of horror, when the light broke in upon her mind, carried tragic horror to its highest pitch. The dying scene which followed, was like-

(1) It was on her performance of this character, that Mr. STEPHEN KEMBLE expressed his highest approbation, and publicly declared, that since the performance of his celebrated sister, he had never beheld such an astonishing display of histrionic talent.

wise terribly faithful. In the whole of these efforts, she displays such equal excellence, that to ask in which portion of the performance she was most to be admired, would only be to demand which particular feature of the character was in itself, most worthy of admiration. She performed *Lady Macbeth* and *Hermione* with increased claims to public approbation, and produced some good points in the insignificant character of *Tarquinia*. In *Lady Anne*, she was perfectly successful, though the part is quite unworthy of her genius. In *Mrs. Beverley*, (particularly in the 3rd act) she is highly interesting; it is one of those exquisite touches of pathos that insinuates itself through the throbbing pulses of every heart, and entirely subdues an auditory. Her delivery of the words, "*He has no mistress,*" will never be forgotten by those who have once heard it, nor the agonizing shriek with which she leaves her husband's body on her final exit. In her portraiture of *Mrs. Haller*, that "miserable victim of wanton guilt," she was exquisitely natural, more especially in the interview with her husband; here every heart beat responsive to her sorrow—every bosom panted with eagerness to see her restored to peace, to happiness—and every one exulted in the embrace that sealed her forgiveness. The graceful lady like *Portia*, is also one of her happiest delineations;—the beauty of her declamation has here an opportunity of displaying itself to advantage—and whoever has heard her delivery of the speeches in the judgment scene, will readily acknowledge her superiority in this character over every rival. She recites the celebrated aprostophe to mercy, exquisitely.

Her performance of *Jane Shore*, only adds another proof to the many we have already mentioned, that this lady possesses tragic powers of the highest order. The tone of deep feeling which pervades this part, was admirably preserved, and forcibly sustained—nor could we in any part of the play have desired any improvement. The remorse, the resignation, the deep silent woe and final exhaustion of the unhappy *Shore*, were pourtrayed in a manner fully coincident with our own conception. In *Lady Townley* and *Lady Elizabeth Freelove*, ["*Day after the Wedding*"] she delighted us; an interesting countenance, a fine figure and harmonious voice, are great qualifications for these charac-

ters. Mrs. WEST possesses these in an eminent degree, and adds to them grace, ease, sprightliness, elegance, and feeling. Indeed, we think few can surpass her in the higher walks of comedy. It is precisely of that school which we have most admired, where the judgment is uniformly permitted to hold its chastening curb upon the imagination, and where, in all the torrent of humour and comic effect, the actress never loses sight of the lady—indeed, she is perfectly qualified for as high a station in the temple of *Thalia*, as she has long held in that of *Melpomene*.

It is a glaring act of injustice to this lady, to fix her in such paltry melo-dramatic characters, as *Angelina*, in "*Love makes a Man*"—*Miss Anagon*, in "*Wanted a Wife*"—"*Pocahontas; or, the Indian Princess*"—"*Jew of Lubeck*"—"*Heroine*"—and fifty others of the same contemptible nature. These feeble parts are utterly unworthy of her unquestionably great talents, and we trust she will in future know and estimate her own talents better than to suffer herself to be placed in pitiful characters like those just mentioned, and which even a second-rate actress would have disdained.

Her *Juliet* is, on the whole, a fine performance; the acknowledgment of her love in the first garden-scene, was not only fraught with fervent feeling, but with that delicacy of tone and manner, which forms one of its greatest charms. Her despair when she learned her husband was banished, and the cold vacant gaze with which she rose from her grave were admirable: she exhibited a striking picture of her apprehended terror in the vault of her ancestors, and the highly poetical descriptive speech with which she drinks the friar's opiate, was given with fine theatrical skill. In the varied characters of *Cordelia*, *Imogen* ["*Bertram*"] *Adelgitha* and *Julia*, ["*Montalto*"] she was also eminently successful—nor must we forget her admirably pathetic representation of the sorrows of the tender virtuous *Cora*.

Our best wishes attend Mrs. WEST, whom we consider a most charming actress, and an extremely valuable ornament to Drury Lane Theatre. She is still in the very pride and blossom of youth, and has many improvable years yet to look forward to—what expectations, therefore may we not form of her future greatness, when time shall have added

experience to her other mighty qualifications, and have given her a still wider scope for the display of her truly exalted talents. We have all, even the youngest of us, seen a *finer* tragic actress, but there is no one now on the stage who possesses *half* her merit; and her overwhelming excellence in several of her performances has been such, as fully to justify us in availing ourselves of the exclamation used by old QUIN on Mrs. BELLAMY'S unexpected success—"*Thou art a charming creature, and the true spirit is in thee.*"(1)

Mrs. W. WEST is a native of Bath, in which city she first made her appearance in the character of *Miss Hardcastle;* from her childhood she evinced great talent and love for the drama. The wonderful success of a relation in the person of the late lamented GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE, was enough to awaken the dormant dramatic energies which might have existed in any of his family, and stimulate them to the full and public exercise of their peculiar powers. Her father had also a great admiration for the histrionic art, having been a performer in Bath some time before the birth of his daughter. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that Miss COOKE should have imbibed a passion for the stage. Her success at Bath was as great as deserved; in the summer she visited the Cheltenham Theatre, where she sustained the characters of the *Widow Cheerly*, *Lady Teazle*, *Lady Townley*, &c., with distinguished success. Her talents were considered to be at that time decidedly comic; but on her performing a tragic part, it was regarded by the critics of Cheltenham as ranking far above her comic efforts. Mrs. C. KEMBLE being there at the time, was so much pleased, that through the medium of this amiable and accomplished actress, Miss COOKE came to Covent Garden Theatre, and appeared on the 28th of September, 1812, in the character of *Desdemona*, which performance was crowned with success. It was the wish of the managers to have brought forward Miss COOKE to the public in the character of *Juliet*. However, notwithstanding the applause she had received, fear prevailed, and she declined attempting the part. Hence her powers were permitted to be buried in comparative obscurity: the consequence

(1) See PARRY'S criticisms on the actors of the day.

was, that at the expiration of her engagement, Miss COOKE went to Edinburgh, and having in some measure conquered her fears, made her debut as *Juliet*, which she performed ten nights in immediate succession. During her residence in Edinburgh, she was married to Mr. W. WEST, who was also a member of the Edinburgh company, at which place they remained until the death of Mr. H. SIDDONS, (proprietor of the theatre.) Mr. and Mrs. WEST then accepted an offer from the Bath proprietor, where they performed for three seasons. In the year 1818, Mr. STEPHEN KEMBLE sent an offer to Mrs. WEST, to sustain the leading characters of tragedy at Drury Lane Theatre, which she accepted. From peculiar circumstances, which then existed, she was obliged to forego her intention of making her second metropolitan debut in the character of *Juliet*, a lady having appeared in that part a night or two before. Mrs. WEST was constrained to the necessity of adopting *Desdemona*, after which she was put in posession of that throne of tragic excellence which she has since filled with such peculiar ability.

MR. YOUNG,

[*Resumed from page* 112.]

According to our promise, we now resume our observations on the acting of Mr. YOUNG. His performance of the character of *Pierre*, is justly celebrated: and here it may perhaps not be unappropriate if we make a slight comparison between his conception of the part with those of KEMBLE and COOKE; for we shall find his *Pierre* has much more apparently the merit of being what the author intended, than that of either of the above-mentioned actors. COOKE made *Pierre* a man of the world, "*a sly, slow circumspective villain.*" Brave, indeed, and determined to be honest as far as his friend was concerned, but his good qualities were thrown so much into the back ground, that he appeared in the hands of COOKE rather to exult in the prospect of his personal revenge, than in the success of the pretended cause of general safety and the public good. KEMBLE, on the contrary, gave us a portrait of an high, haughty, and unaccommodating patriot—a very *Brutus*—leaving us to account as well as we could for his

union with such blood-thirsty villains as *Renault*, and those who could support his meditated butcheries. Mr. YOUNG's conception is different from both these: he gives us the portrait of a man, reduced by his wrongs to join the schemes of others—himself intending well and acting nobly; not distinguishing, however, between the value of the end, and the disgrace of the means. His *Pierre* is a gallant unsuspecting soldier; impetuous and rash in his conduct, but brave and honest in his nature; seduced by appearances, but holding fast his personal dignity, in the wreck of his policy and in the ruin of his hopes. The commanding well modulated voice of Mr. YOUNG, gives him so decided a superiority in declamation, that we are not in the least surprised at his success in those scenes where it is requisite; yet we must point out his interview with *Jaffier*, his presence at the senate, and his anger when *Jaffier* would stay him after he is ordered to prison, as passages where he united the greatest variety of manner with the most just and impressive action.

His personation of *Beverley*, may be also reckoned as one of his perfect performances. It is sustained throughout in a manner which does his judgment the highest honour. There is a peculiar difficulty in this character; it is to exhibit the same feelings throughout, and to continue the interest increasing, until the final close; to mark the varying gradations of misery and despair so nicely, that nothing may, in any instance, be given to the audience in an earlier part of the scenes which may be afterwards needed to complete the higher effect. This Mr. YOUNG performs in a superior degree. We can neither anticipate any action, tone, or emphasis; yet are inevitably compelled to confess the propriety and excellence of all. May it produce the effect such skill deserves—may those who are yet untainted, be taught to avoid this dreadful source of misery, and may those "Gamesters who have *heard* with composure the ruinous consequences of their practices, tremble at the afflictions of *Beverley*, and resolve to avoid his *fate!*" Mr. YOUNG plays old *Prospero* with much feeling and great propriety. The character of *Hastings*, in "*Jane Shore*," is well sustained—but it is altogether unworthy of his talents; as is also the melo-dramatic part of *Daran*, in the "*Exile*." His *Richard III.* is superior to MACREADY'S, and only in-

ferior to KEAN's. "The *Richard* of KEAN is the *Richard* of tradition, of history, of SHAKSPEARE, of the departed COOKE. Mr. YOUNG'S is a fine painting, and a brilliant specimen of the art of colouring a work of fancy."

We have now run through nearly the whole of Mr. YOUNG'S varied performances; indeed, since he became a member of a London establishment, his range of business has perhaps equalled any, certainly exceeded most; and the greatest gratification we can experience, is to add our voice to that of an admiring public in the well-earned praise of merit so great as Mr. YOUNG'S.

Mr. YOUNG is the son of a respectable surgeon in Fenchurch-street, and was born January 10th, 1777: he received his education under an eminent private tutor, and when about nine years of age was taken to Copenhagen by a Danish physician, who had been some time in London, for professional improvement. After a year he returned with the same gentleman, who had contracted a matrimonial alliance with his aunt. He was sent to Eton, where he continued three years, and finished his education at Merchant Taylor's School. At eighteen, he was placed in a very respectable counting-house in the city, but being at this period *stage-struck*, after an experiment of two years, he made a trial of his skill in Tottenham Court Road, and flattered by his success, accepted of an engagement in 1796, from Mr. AIKIN of the Liverpool Theatre. In 1798, he became the hero of the Manchester Theatre, and in 1801, he displayed his talents, at Glasgow, with unparalleled success. When Messrs. LEWIS and KNIGHT opened the new theatre at Liverpool, in 1803, Mr. Y. was engaged to play all the principal parts in tragedy. Here he married Miss GRIMANI of the Hay-market, (who was also engaged there) in 1805, but in the ensuing year, through a fatal biliary fever, Mr. Y. was left a widower. In 1807, he appeared for the first time in London, at the Hay-market, and his success was so great, that on the re-erection of C. G. T., he commenced an engagement at that theatre, where he has ever since remained with but few interruptions. Mr. YOUNG is highly commended for his liberality, is much respected both in his public and private character, and is assuredly one of the most useful and best ornaments of the BRITISH STAGE.

" Hear him but reason in divinity,
And all admiring, with an inward wish,
You would desire that he were made a prelate;
Hear him debate of common-wealth affairs,
You would say—it hath been all-in-all his study;
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music;
Turn him to any course of policy,
The gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that when he speaks,
The air, a chartered libertine is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd *sentences*."

SHAKSPEARE'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

[*Resumed from page* 29.]

That the works of SHAKSPEARE are "*e'en the frippery of wit*," Mr. CHALMERS proves in his "Apology," by citing MARSTON's description of a fop,(1) in his day; who, (like

(1) *Luscus*, what's play'ed to day? fayth now I know,
I set my lips abroach, from whence doth flow,
Nought but poor *Juliet* and *Romeo*,
Say who acts best? *Drusus*, or Roscio?
Now I have him, that ne're ought did speake,
But when of players he did treate,
Hath made a *Common Place Book* out of plays,
And speakes in printe, at leaste, whate'er he sayes
Is warranted by certaine plaudits.
If e'er you heard him courting *Lesbia's* eyes;
Say, (courteous sir) speakes he not movingly
From out some new pathetic tragedie?
He writes, he rails, he jests, he courts, what not:
And all from out his huge long scraped stock
Of well-penn'd plays———"

MARSTON's *Stat.* 10. 1599.

In the 34th of Elizabeth's reign, JOHN MARSTON was chosen reader of the Inner Temple; and among the Oxford verses on the death of that princess, there is a copy signed "JOHN MARSTON *ex œda Christi*." GILCHRIST.

many fops of our own) being play-mad, spoke of nothing but plays and players, whose conversation was of the newest and most popular tragedy, from which he courted his *Lesbia* most pathetically, and from which he borrowed all his jests and raillery. In this coxcomb of antiquity, Mr. CHALMERS recognizes the features of SHAKSPEARE and boasts of his discovery in the following terms:—"We now perceive that SHAKSPEARE's table talk turned chiefly on his profession; that he 'ne'er of ought did speake but when of play or players he did treate.' We at length perceive that SHAKSPEARE had discernment enough to know the value of a common-place book to a professed writer; he made a common-place book out of plays: 'he writes, he rails, he jests, he courts, what not; and all from out his huge scraped stock of well-penned plays.' This is such a delineation of our dramatist, as his admirers have never seen before." —No; I'll be sworn! and as *Costard* says, "*An' I had but a penny in the world, thou should'st have it to buy gingerbread,*" for the discovery. No one, I am persuaded, before Mr. CHALMERS, ever contemplated the great poet "of imagination, all compact," as the Lazarus of Literature; like his own moth, living on the alms-basket of words; and at a great feast of plays, stealing the scraps: but since this discovery has been made, I am confident that the author of the *Rambler*, has satirized SHAKSPEARE under the wit *Papilius* subsisting a week upon an expression, of which he who dropped it did not know the value. "*Go by, Je-*

"It is a fact, which cannot be disputed, that MARSTON was, in 1599, very intimately connected with BEN JONSON, who was then at variance with SHAKSPEARE: MARSTON and JONSON afterwards quarrelled; as such poets could not long be friends; MARSTON again parodied SHAKSPEARE in his "*What you wish*," 1697, wherein he says "Look you, I speak play-stropes."

"*Supplemental Apology*," 251; Note 1.

Here are five positions, in the course of as many lines, some of which are utterly erroneous, and not one of which can Mr. CHALMERS prove; unless he has some secret evidence, not yet before the public. I am aware of the notice of MARSTON, in DRUMMOND's conversations with MARSTON.

GILCHRIST.

ronimo." If this be the consequence of seeking the *ancient mother;* if the study of those who wrote *i' the olden time,*" thus brighten the wit, inform the mind, and improve the judgment, why then I have nothing further to say on the subject.

For this degradation of our illustrious bard, CHALMERS received the merited castigation of the "*British Critic*" [v. ix. p. 512, 1797.] but in his "*Supplemental Apology,*" he returns to the charge, and thinks he proves the fact of SHAKSPEARE'S common-place collections in the following quotation:

"I will repeat what I have already said, and prove what is plainly demonstrable; viz. that SHAKSPEARE was a diligent reader, and *copious collector.* The contemporary of SHAKSPEARE, WEBSTER,(1) who knew him perfectly well, says in the preface to "*The White Devil,*" what the commentators and critics would do well to profit by: "*Detraction is the sworn friend to ignorance.*" For mine own part, I have ever truly cherished my good opinion of other men's worthy labours, especially of that free and heightened style of Master CHAPMAN: the laboured and understanding works of Master JONSON: the no less worthy composures of the both worthily excellent Master BEAUMONT and Master FLETCHER: and, lastly, (without wrong last to be named) the righte happie and *copious industrie* of M. SHAKSPEARE, M. DEKKER, and M. HEYWOOD; wishing what I write may be read by their light," &c.

Such is WEBSTER'S declaration; and if Mr. CHALMERS infers SHAKSPEARE'S use of a common-place book from this passage, he deceives nobody but himself; the meaning of WEBSTER'S "*copious industrie*" is sufficiently explained by the company in which he has placed SHAKSPEARE, namely, with DEKKER and HEYWOOD. The former had before 1612, according to the Apologist's own arrangement, produced 31 drama's, DEKKER, a still greater number, jointly or separately, including those entered in HENSLOWE'S MSS. HEY-

(1) To the reader of his "*Vittoria Corombona,*" [4to. 1612.] WEBSTER obtained his feedom of the Merchant Taylor's Company, by servitude to HENRY CLINKARD, the 17th Nov. 1617, as I am informed by G. V. NEUNBERG, Esq., the present master of that company. GILCHRIST.

WOOD, or as Mr. CHALMERS emphatically calls him, "much writing HEYWOOD,(1) perhaps even more: can Mr. C. produce an example of contemporaneous '*industrie*' equally '*copious?*' It is pleasant to hear Mr. C. talk of such scribblers as DEKKER and HEYWOOD! Assuming the fact of SHAKSPEARE's being a "copious collector of commonplace scraps," the Apologist confidently demands. "Now what dramatic poet, in that age, grew to a little wealth and credit in the scene except SHAKSPEARE?" Not construing *wealth and credit in the scene*, to mean literally *money*, I think it hardly necessary to point out to Mr. C. amidst the great constellation of wits that adorned the age in which SHAKSPEARE flourished, and among which he shone the brightest, an instance of a poet gaining credit in the scene. If Mr. C.'s memory will not serve him on this occasion, why, "*God* comfort his capacity, I say" with *Goodman Dull*. The open and avowed quarrel of JONSON with DEKKER, might have suggested the probability of its being levelled at him, and have incited inquiry into the resemblance from internal evidence: but the truth is, Mr. C. had not read the "*Poetaster*" of BEN, or he would have found in the prologue to the satire, that DEKKER was the *Poet-ape* of JONSON;(2) and a perusal of the Drama would have confirmed the fact past question. The epigram in question seems to have irritated *Crispinus* not a little: numberless allusions to epigrams, made by JONSON, occur in the *Satiromastix* of the latter, and he appears to have smarted severely under the lash. To put that of "*Poet-ape*," completely out of doubt, as far as concerns SHAKSPEARE, it is only necessary once for all, to observe, that DEKKER was so stung by this epigram, that he could not conceal the pain which it inflicted; and the last speech of *Crispinus* in *Satiromas-*

(1) THOMAS HEYWOOD was a writer for the stage as early as 1596; and in an address to the reader prefixed to the "*English Traveller*," 4to. 1633, he says he had written in part, or in the whole, no less than 220 dramatic pieces.

(2) "Are there no players here? no *poet-apes*,
That come with basilisks eyes, whose forked tongues
Are steeped in venom, as their hearts in gall?"
Prol. to JONSON's "*Poetasters*."

tix, thus manifests the poet's throes from these unfortunate lines:—

> "That fearful wreath, this honour is your due,
> *All poets shall be poet-apes but you.*"

As in all his other charges against BEN, Mr. C. is merely an echo of preceding commentators, and as he evidently made a strenuous effort at originality on the present occasion, it is not without emotions of pity, that I rescue the old bard from the well intended blow of "*the leaden mace.*"

When DEKKER published his "*Satiromastix*," JONSON was new to the stage, and had few claims to the applause of the theatre, when he had produced his "*Volpone*"—"*The Silent Woman*," and above all, "*The Alchymist*," perhaps DEKKER would not have thought him an object for scorn to point his finger at. These, with his beautiful masques, some of his smaller poems, and even the scintillations sparkling through "*Cynthia's Revels*"—"*Every Man in his humour*"—and "*Every Man out of his humour*," might have demanded a smile of favour, or at least conciliated the repulsive disposition of the *Apologist*;—but no;—Mr. C. has no sympathy with "humorous poets."

My task draws to a close; and the issue is before a competent tribunal. Old BEN has been accused of heavy crimes upon fictitious and imaginary foundations. How hard it is to prove a negative need not be shown: but the testimony in his favour does not rest here; we have incontrovertible evidences of their friendly attachment; to which should be added, the uncommon zeal with which JONSON cherished the literary reliques of his friend. We have seen that he composed an elegy on his death; that he inscribed his resemblance with his praise; and Mr. MALONE thinks that he wrote the preface to the first collection of his works. Nor did time diminish JONSON's regard, or efface the remembrance of his companion from his mind. Many years after SHAKSPEARE's death, BEN with warmth exclaimed, "I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasie, brave notions and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that

facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped; *sufflaminandus erat*, as AUGUSTUS said of Harterius."

One circumstance in the history of JONSON's life, is too illustrative of his friendly ardour to be omitted here. When in his 57th year, he took a journey on foot into Scotland, for the express purpose of visiting the poet of Hawthornden. BEN appears to have dwelt with fond remembrance on the occurrences of this excursion, and had formed them into a narrative, which unfortunately perished by fire;—I say unfortunately; for had it been preserved, we could then have contrasted the rough and manly generosity of BEN towards DRUMMOND, with the posthumous libel with which that testy sonneteer has disgraced himself, and traduced the memory of his friend. In their conversations, DRUMMOND drew from the blunt and unreserved mind of BEN his censure of the poets, his contemporaries; which he gave with candour, and which are for the most part just; not suspecting that DRUMMOND, (the "*acute* and *amiable* DRUMMOND,") as Mr. CHALMERS calls him, who was any thing but acute, and here anything but amiable, (1) was treasuring these overflowings of the poet's mind, for the unworthy purpose of slandering the memory of BEN, when he was numbered with the dead:—to his own eternal shame, and the reproach of hospitality.

These conversations are found in a worthless edition of DRUMMOND's works printed at Edinburgh, in folio, in 1711; and if the relation is genuine, it will leave an indelible stamp of disgrace on the reputation of the recorder. Those who remember the remarks of Dr. JOHNSON on the publication of the posthumous works of the demagogue Lord

(1) A contemporary who knew DRUMMOND a little better than Mr. C. calls him "*Testy Drummond*," in a defence of poesie appended to "*The most pleasante Historie of Albino and Bellama*," 8vo. 1639.

Mr. CHALMERS seems frequently to speak of JONSON, DRUMMOND, and others, to persuade us, that "he knows something of them," as he published his "*Apology*" to convince the late GEORGE STEVENS, that he "knew something about SHAKSPEARE.

BOLINGBROKE, by MALLET, will not fail to apply them on the present occasion.

I have now little to add. If the memory of men, honourable in their generation, deserve our respect and reverence; if the writings of poets who have bequeathed their works as legacies to posterity, have any claim upon our regard; if truth, whoever and whatever the subject, be worth attaining; these pages may be endured. No example can be instanced in literary history of a poet of JONSON'S extraordinary merit, so unworthily and ungratefully treated. An invidious position has been asserted without the slightest proof from historical testimony, and his writings have been tortured and perverted to support the fallacious theory. But it is not necessary for JONSON to perish, that SHAKSPEARE may flourish; *his* fame is fixed on a foundation, "as broad and general as the casing air," and the commentator or critic, injures the fame of the "gentle SHAKSPEARE," who would raise him a phœnix from the ashes of another.

THE DRAMATIC SKETCHER.

No. VII.

BY J. W. DALBY.

ELVASTON AND MARIAN.

Elvaston. He said long years had passed since last he looked
Upon your face, but he remembered still
Its sad expression in that fatal hour
Which parted him from you;—He bade me say
That tho' fair forms had sometimes crossed his path
And lured his eye a moment, yet his heart
Was, as it ever had been, yours, yours only.
And if such words should not appear unwelcome,
He hoped I'd say, that should relenting fate
Allow him to revisit his lost love,
(Not wholly lost he prayed) that she might still

Have cherished, (he could hardly speak the words,
Faltering as I do now) the same true love
Faithful and fond, unchanging, and untold
As had through years of changes warmed *his* soul.

Marian. Yes—yes—if you return to him, you may
Say I have not forgotten him—if once
I loved him, (that he knows!) I love him still,
Nor would allow my mind to stray from thoughts
To which he was allied ev'n when the hope
Of his return had fled from all beside.
I have rejected suitors whom a maid,
Poor as I am in all fair qualities,
Might well be proud of; I have kept my heart
For him alone, if living; and if dead,
Why still for him, and his dear memory!

Elvaston. Angelic maid!—forgive me, faith like this
Awakes my wonder.

Marian. Sir, I marvel not
That truth seems strange to you—your sex so prone
To all the arts of falsehood, often deem
That truth and faith are frail and empty dreams.

Elvaston. Madam, you are too harsh—will you not own
That oft more fickle than a wayward child,
A lady will torment and teaze a heart
That would be fond and faithful, till it learns
In self-defence to be as fickle too!

Marian. That may be, sir, but I have known a maid
Pure as the summer air, and innocent
As is the unweaned child, as gentle too
As he from whom you came was wont to be
In wooing moments;—she gave up her heart
Tenderly, truly, fully—gave it up
Without condition, and without reserve
To him whom she so loved, and who she thought
Loved her as well;—but he—was very false—
He cheated, and he left her, having robbed
The unsuspecting maiden of as rich
A heart, as e'er was sighed for, wooed and won.

Elvaston. Did the wretch leave her then?

Marian. He left her, sir,
With sorrow weak, yet palely beautiful,

To be the prey and sport of cruel men,
As coarse as cruel—the poor girl soon died.
Elvaston. A melancholy story! and enough
To make you deprecate the changing fools,
The matured children, whose contemned toys
Are hearts which first they play with and then break!—
But you who have found truth through chance and change,
Through time and trial;—you cannot complain
That he who left you, ceased to love or sought
Another maid where wayward fate had cast him.
Yet he has an eye for beauty, and a heart
In which the tenderest emotions rise
Eternally, and thus susceptible
Of beauty in whatever shape it come,
Yet I can say for him, that he has kept
Like you the treasure of his early love
In an unopened casket, upon which
No strange breath hath blown. No eye hath viewed,
No ear hath heard, nor could his own tongue tell
How dear the gem which was therein enshrined!
Marian. At least, sir, *you* have heard the tender tale.
Elvaston. Yes, madam, but in whispering to me
The dearest secret of his faithful heart,
He did but tell it to his other self.
We were as one—by happy fortune cast,
Into the same captivity, we learnt
To make our friendship seem like liberty——
And we——but, Marian! you said you loved him
As true as ever?
Marian. Ay, more true than ever!
Time alters some—but time has been to me
And my affection a support and strength;
Aided by hope it taught me that at length
I should be happy—I am nearly so,
In knowing that he lives and loves me, but——
Elvaston. (*In a less disguised and more tender tone of voice.*) Be wholly happy, dear one! surely time
Thus kind to you has not so altered me,
But the quick eye of love shall trace again
The dear, the dreamt of, loved and valued features
Of him who came to prove and to reward

Your truth and fondness.—Dear, dear Marian!

(Throwing off his cloak and hat.)

Now you *must* know——

Marian. Great God! it is my love!

(Rushes into his arms.)

ON THEATRICAL PUFFING.

MR. DRAMA,

I read with considerable satisfaction in your last Number, a paper animadverting on the mania, (which has certainly been generated by Mr. ELLISTON) for *puffing*:—Your exposition will, I hope, tend to diminish, if not altogether abolish a system, which, in my opinion, while it fails to increase the funds of the treasury, is a direct insult on the understanding of the public. I remember, when the late Mr. RAYMOND had the management of the new Drury Lane Theatre for the committee, they adopted his recommendation, viz:—that of trusting to the report of those who might attend the nightly performances, for success, rather than their own encomiums; well knowing that the public would give encouragement where every laudable effort was exerted to obtain it; and the play-bills in those days, though unadorned with the bombastical and frequently incorrect phraseology which at this time is blazoned in *red characters*, simply announced that the *ci-devant* system of puffing would be discarded, and that the plan adopted by that ornament of the profession, the late DAVID GARRICK, would henceforth be followed, the receipts of the house resting entirely on the exertions of the proprietors! This had its effect. The season so regulated, was highly productive, though a variety of circumstances at that time, not necessary now here to detail, rose in opposition to theatrical property, and I believe that the regulation was broken through on the introduction of Mr. KEAN, at the time that gentleman made his *debut* in town. The stage was declining, and it was necessary that some extraordinary effort should be made to uphold it: there was a novelty of style about his acting, which it was politic to impress on the public feeling, and superior (since the time of the great master

I have alluded to) to any effort of the histrionic art which had gone before, and the committee indulged pretty largely in the system which Mr. ELLISTON has carried to a most ridiculous extent.

Now, sir, though I have deprecated the habit I have adverted to, I must confess that I think it has in a great measure gained ground from the contradictory, and in course, very often illiberal criticisms, on all places of public amusement, which are detailed through the diurnal press. The proprietors of theatres, especially, are saddled with no inconsiderable responsibility, when it is considered what a small portion of the public are able to judge for themselves as to the merits of stage representation, and how few who possess the faculty, are willing to exert it! Consequently *falsehood* and *slander*, must in a great degree blast their expectations, and thus it may be inferred, that the practice has been resorted to as a measure of *self-defence*.

I will not, longer, sir, trespass on your patience, than to mention a feeling almost tantamount to that which I have just alluded to, and which occurred many years ago. JOHN KEMBLE had become the subject of severe criticism, (I speak of his acting alone) and he thought that the best method of defending his reputation was to commence public journalist. He in consequence, started a daily evening newspaper, called "*The Cabinet*," but John was soon convinced that he was a better, at any rate, a more *successful* actor, than he was an editor, and after sinking near *one thousand pounds*, the paper was discontinued. The great talent of Mr. KEMBLE soon got the better of the critics of the day, and from that time to the hour he quitted the profession, his popularity increased. I have given the anecdote, being convinced that something might be done by the *newspaper gentlemen*, evincing more liberality towards a useful profession as well as consistency of opinion, on which the public might rely, and form their judgment, and which would render useless all indecent puffing.

I am, sir,
With great haste,
A LOVER OF THE DRAMA.

Jan. 21, 1822.

THE DRAMATIC INSPECTOR.

No. III.

By Frederick Fox Cooper.

CRITICS.

"— Both managers and authors of the least merit laugh at your pretensions—the public is their critic, without whose fair approbation they know no play can rest upon the stage, and with whose applause they welcome such attacks as yours, and laugh at the malice of them where they can't the wit." Sheridan.

We have been so long biassed by the mercenary writings of those who pretend to give just criticism, that for the sake of the public, and the theatrical part of the community, it is high time to unveil the face of these writers, and to expose the fruits of their contemptible labours. It would be tedious to develope the several injuries, sustained by *actors* and *actresses* in their avocations, who, falling (by some trivial error) under the petty displeasure of these sect of people, are made the target at which they level their malice and revenge. Our friends have ever been inconvenienced by the misleading judgment of these persons, and who flattered by the notice their articles obtain, even descend to scurrillity, to give a more imposing appearance to their efforts.

It would afford much mirth, and give ample scope for reflection, besides proving the sincerity of our assertions, if any one were to take his station at the theatre on the first night of a new play, or *entree* of a new performer, we doubt not but he would be fully convinced that what we say is truth, and there he then will see, it is utterly impossible for an impartial account to be given, for the clamour raised by each contending party is always of such magnitude, as to prevent the audience from either hearing the voices of the performers, or the music of the orchestra: yet, strange to

tell, so fertile are the brains of these quill-drivers, that the next morning, one paper is loud in its praise, extolling its excellence, while others style it immoral and indelicate, and one or two even proceed to quote—to prove the author a torious plagiarist.

A second evil creeps often into the pages of the press, which we are more inclined to impute to carelessness than to any intentional exertion to injure the person concerned, when speaking of a theatre, they sometimes say "*Mrs. So and So showed off to great advantage on these boards*"—whereas the very lady named is at the time acting at some of the other houses.

It not unfrequently has happened that these *worthies* have been caught in their own snare, for often when one paper stated that "*Mr. K.'s dying scene was the finest specimen of that gentleman's tragic powers,*" another gives the lie direct to his brother's assertions, and state, "*in consequence of a domestic calamity, Mr. K. was prevented from playing the character assigned to him, and the indulgence of the audience was consequently entreated for Mr. B.*, thus running the poor critic's head up against a "post," and proving to the public that nothing can be relied on from the prolific pen of these gentlemen.

It is a common cant phrase with the performers in general, "gain a critic's smile, and laugh awhile," not so—for without the consent of an English audience, no piece can stand—or, to borrow from the stage, "*have a run.*"

A third unfortunate error, in which they plunge themselves is, when stating weeks before the appearance of a new performer, the person to be, nothing less than an *Adonis* or a *Venus*, and possessing powers that are to astonish, and electrify, and provided it tickles their fancy, they can as easily transplant them from the shores of France, Italy, or America, as state them coming from a country theatre, though with as much truth they might from RICHARDSON'S Show Booth at any of the village fairs. In the end, it cannot but injure the parties, for the delight kindled when their first appearance is announced, is turned into disgust at the sight, and so these misguided people become, (by sinking into oblivion) the victims of an upright man—query, a "*Critic.*"

A person of real merit, may, without fear, entertain the most profound disgust for the dicta of these men, for relying on the candour of the Bull family, he may, (if his talents are duly appreciated) take his own abilities, as safeguards from the galling attacks of the press.

In forming a proper estimate of an actor's powers, these superficial writers sacrifice English taste to a prevailing notion, solely imbibed in their own breasts; that we are prejudiced in favour of foreign taste, if these men are not capable of justly valuing the talents of actors, they ought not to allow untruths to supply the deficiency, for considering they have the opinion of the world at stake, where they cannot justly applaud, they ought not wantonly to condemn.

The veracity of these men has long remained unimpeached, and in withdrawing the veil from the blinded eyes of the public, we only do our duty; therefore, without entering into the merits or demerits of the case, we close our third inspection by leaving the works of theatrical *Critics* to go, and be forgotten.

LINES TO MISS STEPHENS,

On the delightful sensations experienced in hearing her varied and beautiful vocal harmony.

Hail! first of warblers here below,
And breathe that note again,
'Twill soothe the voice of latent woe,
And mitigate each pain.

There's none that can those tones enrol,
Which waft so sweet to me,
Or fraught with pathos touch the soul
With thrilling pow'rs like thee.

Now high each strain majestic swells,
Now dying falls combine;
And then on mournful cadence dwells,
With melody divine.

I cannot paint with strongest zest,
Thy soul enrapt'ring skill;
The fullest words but faint express,
And leave it feeble still.

Feb. 10, 1822. J. J. LEATHWICK.

TO THE SAME,

On her commencing her Theatrical Career for the Season.

Welcome, enchanting girl, again
Shall we admire thy heav'nly strain!
Bewitching and unrivalled still;
Again thy notes our breasts shall thrill,
Those notes that can no equal find
In all the powers of art combin'd:
So exquisitely soft and sweet,
Our 'raptur'd senses half they cheat,
And make us deem thy melody,
Some warbling spirit's song must be;
Welcome, thrice welcome, be thou never
Tempted to seek a foreign shore,
But with thy earliest patrons ever—
To them thy latest farewell pour.

G. J. DE WILDE.

Mary-le-bone, Jan. 1822.

THE DRAMATIC REFLECTOR.

No. III.

Consisting of Observations, &c., Original and Selected, on matters connected with the stage.

BY J. W. DALBY.

7.—SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

THIS character, sketched by SHAKSPEARE with such inimitable humour, is thus spoken of by a late dramatic critic:

"In *Falstaff* you have humour supported by wit; all is jovial, all is gay; his self-sufficiency heightens your relish for his disasters; his unwieldy bulk prepares the mind for laughing at his setting himself up for an enterprizing gallant. *It is impossible not to love Falstaff; he has nothing to disgust, and every thing to give satisfaction.*" To the justice of the former part of the observations just quoted, I have nothing to object; but of those which I have marked with the silent censure of italics, I strongly disapprove. Can it be compatible with delicate or refined taste, or with healthy and unbiassed judgment, to *love* a liar, a glutton, a debauchee, a coward, a drunkard, and an unsavoury epicure, rank with crudities? We may tolerate a man of such a description for his companionable qualities—we may make him the associate of our loose hours—we may laugh with him or *at* him, but it is impossible that such a character can deserve or acquire that species of unqualified approbation which is expressed in the word *love*.

8.—SHAKSPEARE INJURED BY ABSURD ALTERATIONS.

SHAKSPEARE has always suffered from unskilful alterations, as is plainly proved from many vain attempts which are buried in oblivion; and I question whether *Romeo* and *Juliet* has gained much by *its* amendments. 'Tis true, some superfluous sapless branches have been lopt off: but then the trunk itself has been wounded, and the root almost destroyed.

The first and most palpable alteration, *(as it was represented)* is of the very foundation of the plot. As the play is now acted, *Romeo*, as soon as he appears, lets us know that he is deeply smitten with the love of *Juliet;* but *when*, *where*, or *how*, he came to be so, we are left to guess as we can. This is striking at the very essence of the story. SHAKSPEARE had represented his young hero as entirely devoted to *Rosaline*, who returned not his passion; but after having seen *Juliet* at a feast of her father's, he became as deeply enamoured of her; and

——————She, whom now he loves,
Doth give him grace for grace, and love for love,
The other did not so.

From this change of his affection, arises the distress which continues to the catastrophe.

"Many people," says the editor, in his preface to the play, "have imagined that the sudden change of *Romeo's* love from *Rosaline* to *Juliet*, was a blemish in his character: but SHAKSPEARE has dwelt particularly on it, and so great a judge of human nature knew that to be young and inconstant was extremely natural."

But however the *judgment* of SHAKSPEARE may be impeached by small critics, his *invention* stands acquitted: for, if this change be a fault, he was led into it by BANDELLO, from whom he borrowed his story, and who dwells much more on it than our author. But "so great a judge of human nature," knew that this was not only a *natural*, but a *necessary* incident. He knew, indeed, to be "young and inconstant was extremely natural," but he knew too, that the fire of love must be extinguished, except it be fed with fresh fuel, and that the cruelty of one mistress is a foil to the fondness of another. Nor, in reality, is there any *inconstancy* in forsaking one who slights your passion, and fixing it on another, who returns it; for constancy must of necessity be mutual. With respect to the *suddenness* of the change, if any change is wrought, it must, at the moment it is wrought, be instantaneous; for in so violent a passion as *Romeo's* love for *Juliet*, and where their souls so entirely sympathized, there was no room for cool deliberation and doubtful demur.

And that this is a *necessary* incident, appears from the absurdity which arises from the alteration in question. *Romeo*, we find as soon as he enters, is in love with *Juliet*. But how came he to be so? He had *seen* her perhaps; but that he had never *talked* to her till the feast of the Capulets at the end of the first act, appears from what she says in the garden scene afterwards:—

> My ears have not yet drunk an hundred words
> Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.

And yet have the players represented him in the very first act so deeply smitten, as to *steal into the covert of a wood, shut up his windows, lock fair day light out*, &c.

Again, by representing *Romeo* so much enamoured of

Juliet, before they actually meet on the stage, half the pathos is lost, and we are but half prepared for the consequent distress. We are easy on *Romeo's* account, we know he is already wounded, *captus est habet*, and we only feel for *Juliet:* whereas, according to SHAKSPEARE'S original, we are in pain for both the young lovers, watch every motion of their souls, and partake in every turn of their passions. By being the confidents of their love from the very beginning, we are interested in the unhappy issue of it; and as we knew how much he had suffered before from *Rosaline's* disdain, we are now transported with his passion for *Juliet*, rejoice with him in a return of her affection, and lament with him in being separated from her.

The next material objection I have to offer is, with the regard to the conduct of the actors in that scene wherein *Romeo* takes his leave of *Juliet*. They are brought in tete-a-tete on the platform of the stage; whereas in SHAKSPEARE they are supposed to converse together from a window. I cannot conceive but that this is as convenient a situation for both of them now, as it was for *Juliet* in the *garden-scene*, where they first met. In SHAKSPEARE'S original, *Romeo* descends from his mistress's window by a ladder of ropes: but by the present management, as he is made to walk off the stage coolly, a circumstance is destroyed, which (in our author) is noble, sublime, truly tragical, and in the spirit of the ancients; a circumstance, which must have had the finest effect imaginable on the audience, and have prepared them for the catastrophe. It is as follows:—while *Romeo* is descending, *Juliet* cries,

> O heav'n! I have an ill-divining soul;
> Methinks I see thee, now thou'rt parting from me,
> *As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.*

Let me observe also, that the players have omitted one of the grandest thoughts, perhaps, that an inspired genius could conceive. This, forsooth, is removed for a commonplace sentiment and hackneyed exclamation. Old *Capulet*, finding his daughter dead, (as he believed) addresses himself to *Count Paris*, who was that very morning to have married her, in this speech, as it stands altered from the original:—

O son, the night before thy wedding-day,
Death has *embraced* thy wife: see, there she lies,
Flower as she was, *nipp'd in the bud by him*,
O Juliet, oh! my child, my child!

Now, the misfortune is, that the old father had used almost the same expressions not three lines before. "*Death lies on her, like an untimely frost upon the sweetest flower of the field.*" But in SHAKSPEARE the lines stand thus:—

O son, the night before thy wedding-day,
Has death lain with thy wife: see, there she lies
(Flower as she was) deflower'd now by him!
Death is my son-in-law.

Can any thing be grander than the last hemistich?—Our poet is particularly fond of these figurative expressions. In this play we may find several images similar to that of *Death is my son-in-law*. As for instance,

Affliction is *enamoured* of thy parts,
And thou art *wedded* to *calamity*.—
Happiness courts thee in her best array.

So when *Romeo* sees *Juliet* lying, (as he thought dead) in the tomb, he expresses his surprise at seeing her so beautiful in the following bold but just speech which is omitted at our play-houses:—

Why art thou yet so fair?—shall I believe,
That unsubstantial *Death* is *amorous*,
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his *paramour*?

"*The Student*," 1750.

LINES

Addressed to Mr. Braham, on hearing him sing "Bruce's Address to his Army," at the Haymarket Theatre, Sep. 18th, 1820.

Oh! is there one would tamely bend the knee
To the detested Baal of tyranny;

Who looks unmov'd on all the dreadful pains
A nation suffers where a despot reigns—
Bring him to thee, and as thou pour'st along
The melody of this immortal song,
If in his craven heart there does not rise
Nature's innate, indignant sympathies,
He is a worthless and a grovelling slave,
Fit for a felon-life, and an inglorious grave!

Braham! I cannot err in deeming thee,
In heart and soul, a friend of liberty!
No love but her's could lend thine art this power,
To shake our souls in their most inward tower;
Nought but that sacred fire the freeman owns,
Beams in thine eye, and triumphs in thy tones,
Glows in thy gestures, and so nerves thine arm,
That yielding wholly to the powerful charm;
And glorying in our senses' bright abuse,
We deem that in our sight stands Scotia's patriot Bruce!

One wish, one only wish, while listening
With a rapt soul, and an eye glistening,
I felt, which was, that he, the peasant-bard,
Who lives, and shall live in our fond regard—
The child of genius, passion, liberty—
Were living now, and listening to thee!
How much of rapture would his proud heart feel,
Won by thy power, and witness of the zeal
With which his glowing countrymen unite
To hail a patriot-bard's, and true musician's might!

J. W. Dalby.

"BODKIN," &c.

Mr. Drama,

Your correspondent, Philo Kean, has only presented you with one or two of Steeven's illustrations of the above passage. I therefore make bold to finish the quotations.(1)

(1) Barbarossa's remarks are not amiss. G.C.

In the "*Muses Looking Glass*," by RANDOLPH, 1638:—

"*Apho.* A rapier's but a *bodkin*.

"*Deil.* And a *bodkin*

"Is a most dangerous weapon; since I read

"Of JULIUS CÆSAR's death, I durst not venture

"Into a tailor's shop, for fear of *bodkins*."

Again, in "*The Custom of the Country*," by BEAUMONT and FLETCHER,

"————Out with your *bodkin*,

"Your pocket dagger, your stiletto."

Again in *Sapho* and *Phao*," 1591.

"There will be a desperate fray between two, made at all weapons from the brown bill to the *bodkin*."

Again in CHAUCER, (as he is quoted at the end of a pamphlet, called "*The Serpent of Division*, &c. whereunto is annexed the tragedy of "*Gorboduc*," &c. 1591.(1)

"With *bodkins*' was CÆSAR JULIUS
Murdered, &c." STEEVENS.

Again in CHAUCER'S "*Monkes Tale*," TYRWHITT'S Edit. vol. ii. p. 31.

"This *Julius* to the capitolie went,
"Upon a day as he was wont to gon,
"And in the capitolie anon him wente
"This false *Brutus*, and his other soon,
"And sticked him with *bodekins* anon—
"With many a wound," &c.

By a *bare* bodkin, does not perhaps mean "by so *little* an instrument as a dagger"—but "*by an unsheathed dagger*." —— MALONE.

The above are all the illustrations I can at present find on this subject. I shall therefore in conclusion offer a few remarks of my own.

"Who would bear, (says *Hamlet*) the spurns,
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,

(1) This should have been particularly stated by your correspondent. G. C.

When he himself might his *quietus*(1) make
With a bare bodkin?"

This is the accepted reading of this passage, but I think I can show that it is wrong. *Hamlet* would merely say—Why should he bear all these wrongs, when he can if he pleases, *make his quietus*, (i. e. kill himself) and at the word *make* the note of interrogation should undoubtedly be placed. Then it will be asked, what is to become of "*with a bare bodkin?*" I answer, it is to be disposed of thus:—In Lancashire to this very day, they have a custom of carrying loads, [*fardels*] on a stick, that rests on a sort of a knot put to guard the shoulder on which it is laid. This stick is called a "*bodkin*" when the knot *is used*, but *without*, it is termed "*a bare bodkin*," and to carry a load *with a bare bodkin*, is considered a grievous thing, in consequence of the pain it inflicts on the shoulder. This, therefore, is the *true* reading; at all events it is a *new reading*, and *that*, to say the least of it, is a point gained when the wise man *Solomon* has remarked, "there is *nothing new* under the sun."—

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(1) [QUIETUS.] This expression, (says STEEVENS) alluded to the writ of discharge which was formerly granted to those barons and knights who personally attended the king on any foreign expedition, and were therefore exempted from the claims of scuttage, or a tax on every knight's fee. It is at the present time the term for the acquittance which every sheriff receives on settling his accounts at the Exchequer. The word is used for the discharge of an account by WEBSTER, in his "*Duchess of Malfy*," 1623.

"And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt,
"(Being now my steward) here upon your lips
"I sign your *quietus est*."

Again:—

"You had the trick in audit time to be sick,
"Till I had signed your *quietus*."

Mr. STEEVENS need not have given himself so much trouble about the word, as SHAKSPEARE'S meaning is plainly that given above. G.C.

Who would bear these miseries,
" When he himself might his quietus make?
With a *bare bodkin*—who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat(1) under a weary life:—"

(1) [GRUNT and SWEAT.] This is in all the old copies, and is undoubtedly the true reading, but as Dr. JOHNSON observes, can scarcely be borne by modern ears.

The word *grunt* occurs in "*The Death of Zoroas*," by NICHOLAS GRIMOALD, a translation of a passage in the "*Alexandreis*" of PHILLIPPE GUALTIER, into blank verse, printed at the end of LORD SURREY'S poems:—

"——— none the charge doth give:
"Here *grunts*, here grones, echwere strong youth is spent."

And STANYHURST, in his translation of VIRGIL, 1582, for supremum *congemuit*, gives us; "——sighing it *grunts*," Again in TURBERVILLE'S translation of OVID'S "*Epistle from Canace to Macœreus*:—

"What might I miser do? greefe forst me *grunt*."

Again in the same translator's—"*Hypermnestra to Lynceus*:"—

"——— round about I heard
"Of dying men the *grunts*."

The change made by the editors, [to *groan*] is however supported by the following line in "*Julius Cæsar*," iv. 1.

"To *groan* and sweat under the business,"

STEEVENS.

That the word so replaced is better, I do not undertake to prove, but it is sufficient that the old one is SHAKSPEARE'S; if phraseology is to be changed, as words grow uncouth by disuse, or gross by vulgarity, the history of every language will be lost: we shall no longer have the words of any author; and as these alterations will be often unskilfully made, we shall in time have very little of his meaning. JOHNSON.

I perfectly agree with Dr. JOHNSON, and have adhered to the old copies, however unpleasing this sentence may be to the ear. On the stage, without doubt, an actor is at liberty

If any of your learned correspondents can further elucidate, I shall be glad to see their lucubrations in the pages of "*The Drama.*" And am, sir,

Your's obliged,

G. CREED.

P. S. In addition to the authorities quoted, relative to the expression, "*He wore his beaver up,*" vide page 131, the following by Mr. MALONE may be noticed:

Though *Beaver* properly signified that part of the helmet which was *let down*, to enable the wearer to drink, SHAKSPEARE always uses the word as denoting that part of it, which when raised up, exposed the face of the wearer; and such was the popular signification of the word in his time.

In BULLOKAR'S *English Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, *beaver* is defined thus:—"In armour it signifies that part of the helmet which may be *lifted up* to take breath the more freely.

So, in LAUD'S *Diary*;—"the LORD BROKE shot in the left eye, and killed in the place at Lichfield—his *bever up*, and armed to the knee, so that a musket at that distance could have done him little harm." This nobleman is the one stigmatized by SCOTT in his "*Marmion*," as

——————Fanatic BROOKE,
Who, the fair cathedral stormed and took;
But, thanks to God and good St. Chad,
A guerdon meet, the spoiler had." G. C.

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to substitute a less offensive word.* To the ears of our ancestors, it probably conveyed no unpleasing sound—for we find it used by CHAUCER and others:—

"But never *gront* he at no stroke but on
"Or elles at two, but if his storie lie."
"*The Monk's Tale*," v. 14, 627, TYRWHITT'S edit.

Again in "*Wily Beguiled*," written before 1596.
"She's never well, but *grunting* in a corner." MALONE.

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* I am of a quite contrary opinion to Mr. MALONE—were this the case, an actor would use his own judgment in selecting or expunging passages out of parts which he might have to study from; and by so doing, render an author's labours useless by often perverting his meaning. G. C.

TO JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, Esq.

On his Tragedy of Virginius.

Knowles! it is something in these worthless days,
To see a powerful mind desert the ways
Which custom's feet have made a hackneyed track,
And spurning that, go gloriously back
(Choosing a clear and unpolluted theme)
To Nature's ever fresh and living stream.
Nothing is so delicious as the song
Bold and yet graceful, simple and yet strong,
That knows not affectation's mawkish sin,
Yet with its sweet and natural truth, can win
Hearts wont too long to listen to the strain
Of bardlings weak, yet not more weak than vain,
Who with an artificial fervor burn,
And sing, like parrots, only what they learn,
Spreading their threadbare beauties out to view,
And claiming admiration as their due.
But bards, like thee, shall not essay in vain,
To sap *their* power, and to contract *their* reign;—
Refreshing proof, that still the heart can feel
The force of nature, and admire the zeal
Of young aspirers, who resolve to be,
Though in an age of fetters—wholly free!

Where is the lover—where the father, who
That innocent, insulted maid could view—
The Roman maid—the sweet Virginia torn
From her own home, and to the senate drawn
By servile hands, which to the tyrant gave
Their lovely victim as a base-born slave!
O, who could look upon this scene, and be
Unmoved, nor own a poet's mastery?
O, who could see her sorrows, and not burn
Upon her foe with lion-strength to turn—
To blast the tyrant on his perjured seat,
With the red vengeance he deserved to meet!

Who hath not glowed with sympathetic fire,
Gazing upon the wronged and phrenzied sire?
Forced by harsh fate to sacrifice his child,
Or leave her to the mercy of a wild
And lawless lust,—a coward tyranny,
Which warred with all who would be pure and free!
Proud patriotic sire! thy soul how great!
How dreadful, yet how beautiful thy fate!
Dying victorious to thy latest gasp,
And holding the dead tyrant in thy grasp!

Much hast thou compassed, KNOWLES, but more remains—
They who have been delighted with thy strains,
Must look all anxious to the fountain, whence
They drew such draughts of bold and manly sense,
Of genuine feeling—and of tragic power
To live for aye, not vanish in an hour!

J. W. DALBY.

HISTRIONIC TALENT.

HISTRIONIC talent, is not so rare a gift as some imagine; it is both over-rated and over-paid. That the requisites for a first rate actor, demand a combination not easily to be found, is an erroneous assumption, ascribable, perhaps, to the following causes: The market for this kind of talent, must always be *understocked*, because very few of those who are really qualified to gain theatrical fame, will condescend to start for it. To succeed, the candidate must be a gentleman by nature, and a scholar by education; there are many who can boast of this union, but out of that many, how few are there that would seek or desire theatrical celebrity: the metropolitan theatre, therefore, can only be recruited from the best samples which the provincial theatres will afford, and this is a market, abundant as to quantity, but extremely deficient as to quality. JOHNSON told GARRICK that he and his profession were mutually indebted to each other: "Your profession," said the doctor, "has made you rich, and you have made your profession respectable." Such men as SMITH, GARRICK,

KEMBLE, and YOUNG, might do honour to any profession, and would, perhaps, have succeeded in any; but their attempting success in this department, is much more extraordinary, than their attaining it; for, in general, those who possess the necessary qualifications for an actor, also feel that they deserve to be something better, and this feeling dictates a more respectable arena. Neither is the title to talent bestowed by the suffrages of a metropolitan audience, always unequivocal. Such an audience, is indeed, a tribunal from which an actor has no appeal; but there are many causes which conspire to warp and to bias its judgment; and it often happens that it is more difficult to *please a country audience*, than a London one. In a country theatre, there is nothing to bribe our decisions; the principal actor is badly supported, and must depend solely on himself. In a London Theatre, the blaze of light and beauty, the splendor of the scenery, the skill of the orchestra, are all adscitious attractions, acting as *avant* couriers for the performer, and pre-disposing us to be pleased: add to this, that the extended magnificence of a metropolitan stage, defends the actor from that microscopic scrutiny, to which he must submit in the country. We should also remember, that at times it requires more courage to praise than to censure, and the metropolitan actor will always have *this* advantage over the provincial, if we are pleased, our taste is flattered in the one instance, but suspected in the other. T. W.

EPIGRAMMATIC IMPROMPTU,

On the appearance of the horses at Covent Garden Theatre, in "Montrose."

Heroes and heroines by your leave,
'Tis folly now to strut or grieve;
And ye poor bards dramatic,
No longer boast *salt attic*,
Ye all may now right soundly sleep,
And *Tha.* may smile, and *Pom.* may weep—
For hark! to trumpet and to drum,
The conquerors equestrian come.

And which amongst ye all, I pray,
So many characters can play
Make war, make love, and die away?
See how they prance, and paw, and kick,
To make ye all with envy sick,
Make players, poets, stand aloof,
And own the glories of the hoof!
Make DRYDEN'S, OTWAY'S, SHAKSPEARE'S forces,
Confess the triumph of the *horses;*
In short make Folly as she passes,
Turn a whole *audience* into *asses.*

"C."

THEATRICAL INQUISITION.

"Good my lord, will you see the *players* well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used;—for they are the *abstract*, and *brief chronicles* of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live." "*Hamlet*," Act II. S. 2.

KING'S THEATRE.

Feb. 16.—*Les Pages de Duc de Vendome.* [1st time.]—This is a very pretty ballet.

The *Duke* and his followers are summoned to some warlike business. His pages are left under the guidance of the chief household officer, who is not very attentive to his charge, and the striplings are rather immoderate in the means they adopt for their amusement. One of them is deeply engaged with a young female of the household, and contrives an interview while his companions are dozing under a tent. The *Duke* returns at midnight, and detects the young lover returning from his mistress, and pursues him across the garden. The youth speedily lays him down on his couch, and for the moment eludes the search of the *Duke*, who finds him out, however, by feeling the pulsation of the hearts of the whole group. He takes the shoulder-knot from the youth, to have the means of recognizing him

in the morning. The youth, however, takes off all the knots of his sleeping companions, and destroys the distinction. After various crafty eludings of detection, he is at length induced by the *Duke* to step forward, and own himself as the delinquent sought. He is at first condemned to punishment, but his father, a faithful officer of the *Duke*, and covered with scars in his wars, just then arriving from a successful expedition, by the force of imputed merit, saves him, and he is joined by the *Duke* to his *inamorata*. The piece is of beautiful as well as simple design. The action has judicious scope for the business, which is all apposite and farciful, and helps on the plot. The groups are very fine, especially one made up by the pages and the *filles* of the household—the subject being a sportive contest for the possession of a *bouquet*, which each of the pages holds for a time, only to surrender to the charms of his favourite. A *Pas de Deux*, with castanets, between BARER and LE BLOND, was greatly admired. ALBERT poised himself in attitudes graceful enough for a new statue of *Pythonian Apollo*. The ROLANDS performed wonderfully, as did LE BLOND, DE VARENNES, ANATOLE and his Lady. The time was filled up from first to last with a delightful and astonishing variety of the most bewitching and graceful feats of motion. The house was closely crowded in the pit; the boxes were full of fashion and beauty.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

January 19.—Pirate—Review.

21.—King Lear—Giovanni in London.

KEAN appeared in the part of *Lear*, for the first time since the commencement of the season. His vigorous and natural bursts of passion are peculiarly apt for this character. The overflowings of resentment and affronted pride, caused by his self-convicted errors of paternal affection, were given with an effect beyond which nothing can be imagined. The performance was full of fine feeling, now melting into weakness, and again constricted with sudden passion. His

best display is that of the ghastly and unconquerable horror and hatred to which the sudden sense of his own misplaced generosity, and of the perverse wickedness of his daughter, gives rise. This sentiment he preserves with a continuance of purpose and effect throughout, notwithstanding the changes of accident and the struggles of nature, which is unimprovable. Miss EDMISTON made her first appearance in the part of *Cordelia*. She deserves a better compliment for her success than the scope and colouring of the character, as it at present stands, will allow. It is the very worst of all the misnamed emendations of SHAKSPEARE. To see the original *Cordelia*, all gallant in sentiment and right royal in character and deportment, as the Bard of Avon had left her, converted into a maudling lover, making and receiving the vows of the vulgar romances in a forest with a half-clothed outlaw, would by itself be a positive affliction. Miss EDMISTON, by her impressive manner, and the ardour of filial piety which she evinces, makes the thing not only tolerable but pleasing, and gives the otherwise inveterately bad emendations a colour of grace and probability which Mr. TATE had failed to bestow on them. The scene with her father, on the recovery of his reason, was one of most pathetic enforcement, and proved that she had looked into some of the finer sources of feeling with a view more than ordinarily scrutinizing. The other characters were as usual.

22.—Pirate—Three Weeks after Marriage—Children in the Wood.

23.—Ibid—Three and the Deuce.

24.—Venice Preserved—Giovanni in London.

25.—King Lear—Coronation.

26.—Othello—Paul and Virginia.

28.—OWEN, PRINCE of POWYS; or, *Welch Feuds*.—[1st time.]—Ibid.

The plot of this tragedy, if we dare so call it, is as follows:—

King Henry, [FOOTE] having entered Wales to chastise the rebellious natives, holds his court there, and is attended by several Welch chieftains, *Gerald*, [BARNARD] a Norman Knight, represents *Owen*, [KEAN] *Prince of Powys*, (son of *Lord Powys*, [POPE] who is present) as the most daring

opponent of the English power, and *Henry* accordingly orders a keen pursuit of him, and a reward for his being taken or killed: and gives consent to *Gerald's* union with *Theodora*, [Miss EDMISTON] who has been betrothed to *Owen*. *Lord Powys* represses his feelings at these indignities, and to show his seeming readiness to submit to *Henry's* will, invites *Gerald*, *Theodora*, and her father, to a banquet in his castle. *Theodora* is in the mean time mourning the absence, and dangers attending *Owen*, when *Madoc*, [COOPER] a kinsman of that Chieftain, expresses his love for her, which she indignantly rejects. At the banquet which follows, *Owen* at the head of his troops suddenly appears—he learns that his *Theodora* is the destined bride of another, and as the only means of securing their union, bears her off. *Madoc* seeks them out in their retreat, and under pretence of the imminent danger surrounding *Owen* and his followers, contrives to get the Chieftain's consent that *Theodora* should for a time take refuge in his castle. Thither she is borne, and *Madoc* there presses his suit, which she scorns. The false friend then determines on her death, and directs *Tudor*, [PENLEY] one of his dependants, to cast her into the sea. But *Tudor's* life had been saved by *Owen*, and gratitude induces him to preserve her, and to deceive *Madoc*, who finds out *Owen*, and informs him that she was false to his love, and had sought the arms of another, to pass her days in rural tranquility. This is the first blow that *Madoc* inflicts on the hero's peace—he subsequently murders the aged *Powys*, and burns his castle—then endeavours to destroy *Owen* under his own roof, but he is saved by the sudden appearance of *Theodora*, whom *Madoc*, for a moment, considers as her spirit—the lovers are rescued—but fresh dangers await them in the field of battle where *Madoc* follows. *Theodora* is mortally wounded, and dies in *Owen's* arms, entreating him to live for his country. The prince, maddened at his wrongs, and by his private griefs, rushes towards the foe, but returns a conqueror only to yield his breath in telling that *Madoc* in the conflict insidiously gave him a mortal wound, which he returned with a death-blow on the monster's head. He then expires exulting in the preservation of his native land.

This, which may be deemed a tedious, is in fact only a

hasty and imperfect delineation of the plot—than which there was never one seen more irregular and ill-digested. There are fewer circumstances in many well written novels of three volumes. Of course the essentials of tragedy are missing, and must be obscured, from this overheaping the just measure of incident. There is no one passion which has any thing like convenient room for developement.

The actors peformed generally well. Mr. KEAN was nearly lost in the unmeaning nature of his character; but, where love and war are the objects, it must indeed be a foundered Pegasus out of which he will not strike some shew of mettle. He raised the declining attention of the audience several times, and died in a fine paroxysm of heroic ardour. Miss EDMISTON infused great energy into *Theodora*, and, with some abatement which is still to be desired in her emphasis and action, made a very passable heroine. Mr. COOPER kept up the spirit of his part rather above the intrinsic dignity, for he had to represent a sad sort of character—a wretch hardy enough to invent crimes but not to act them, and miserably afraid of their consequences. There is besides a turgid and inapt turn in the dialogue which sets the study of individual character in the actors generally at defiance. The other parts were suitably sustained; and had the writing of the play corresponded with the acting, the success would have been complete. The ayes prevailed at the fall of the curtain, but the opposition was too serious to pass for nothing. There were some excellent scenes painted for the occasion, which represented the Welch cliffs and acclivities, with their expansive and verdant vallies, gushing rills, and rapid rivers, very impressively.

29.—Owen, Prince of Powys —Paul and Virginia.

30.—No performance.

31.—The Pirate—Liar—Coronation.

Feb. 1.—Owen, Prince of Powys—Paul and Virginia.

2.—Pirate—Théresè.

Miss S. BOOTH appeared for the first time at this theatre, as *Théresè*. Her reception was of the most flattering description, her entrance being hailed with that warmth of greeting which ever marks the welcome given by a metropolitan audience to the return to a regular theatre of a long-absent but well-remembered and deserving favourite.

This lady's successful delineation of the unfortunate *Orphan of Geneva*, is too well known, and has been too recently before the public, to require in this place a repetition of the commendations which have before been bestowed on it. In addition, therefore, to the record of the fact of her appearance, it will suffice to state, that the repeated bursts of animated applause which her performance called forth from the delighted audience, proved the expectations excited by the remembrance of her former efforts to have been fully gratified by the entertainment which her present exertions afforded.

4.—Richard III—Paul and Virginia.

5.—Pirate—Liar—Coronation.

6.—Othello—Paul and Virginia.

7.—King Lear—Coronation.

8.—Macbeth—Monsieur Tonson.

9.—ADELINE; or, *the Victim of Seduction*, [1st time.] —Three Weeks after Marriage—Paul and Virginia.

This interesting Drama is said to be taken from a source to which we owe some of our most successful modern productions of this nature—the French stage. The piece is well entitled to the epithet of *serious*, its general tone being decidedly sombre, and the catastrophe perfectly tragic, while there are not more than two or three instances of a comic, or even light character, in the dialogue, throughout the whole. The story may be thus told:—*Adeline*, the only child and support of *D'Orlin*, a military veteran, aged, infirm, and blind, has received, during two years, the attentions and vows of a noble Count, then a husband, and the son of a German of high rank, under the name and disguise of *Fabian*, a poor artist. At the end of that period, (at which point of time the business of the drama commences) the machinations of a base and unfeeling friend of her admirer, the *Baron Rendor*, seconding his passion, and overcoming his noble nature, seduce the too confiding girl from her father's home, and convey her into the possession of the Count, after the intervention of a pretended marriage. A single day suffices so far to undeceive the unfortunate victim of their arts, that she escapes from the house where she had been left, to that of her father, through the sympathy and honest intrepidity of a rustic, to

whose care, or rather custody, she had been committed. The father is satisfied by a fictitious account of his daughter's absence, but a letter addressed by her to the Count under his real name, which she finds means to ascertain, falls into the hands of the Countess, who, from a curiosity to see her successful rival, arrives at her residence at the precise moment when *Adeline* is loading her husband, on his presenting himself at the place of her retreat, with bitter reproaches for his falsehood and perfidy. He retires, his wife enters, and acquaints *Adeline* with the full extent of her misfortune and shame; but hearing the girl's artless tale, departs with a deep feeling of interest in her fate, and a promise of protection to herself and her father. When the Count re-appears, the old soldier having overheard enough to convince him of the dishonour done his family, rushes in, seizes a case of pistols, puts one into the hand of the betrayer, bidding him defend himself, and discharges the other at him. But retribution does not direct his arm, and his wrath is yet unsatiated. In the bitterness of his heart he commands his child to curse her seducer, and on her refusal casts her off for ever. The parent and child then separately repair to the chateau of the Count's father with very different purposes: the one, having resolved to rid herself of the burden of existence, to implore his protection on the forlorn author of her birth; the other, to invoke vengeance on the destroyer of his peace and happiness. Notwithstanding many stratagems of the guilty and trembling Baron to defeat their object, the virtuous nobleman hears successively with strong compassion the appeal of each. To his utter astonishment his own son, (now penetrated with remorse and anguish for the part he had acted) is singled out, by *D'Orlin* recognising him by his voice as the author of his wrongs. *Adeline*, horror-struck at witnessing the Countess in the possession of every thing to which she had fondly imagined herself alone to be entitled, distractedly rushes to the execution of her desperate purpose, and is rescued from a watery grave, with only life enough left to ask and receive a paternal pardon and blessing; she then expires in her father's arms, and he instantly after drops lifeless by her side.

Miss COPELAND, to whom the part of the heroine was as-

signed, acquitted herself of her task in a manner to merit every praise. Mr. COOPER'S personation of the father, was judicious, correct, and pathetic in the highest degree. The Rustic, who is drawn with a heart of the finest mould, was sustained by Mr. KNIGHT, with that powerful expression of unsophisticated honesty and kind-heartedness which is almost peculiar to him. To the exertions of these three performers which called forth repeated bursts of applause, is to be attributed, in great part, the success which the drama obtained. The overture is pleasing—and one or two new scenes, in particular the last, handsome. A ballet was introduced in the third act, at the end of which Miss TREE danced a *pas seul* with great elegance, and the admiration of some of the audience so far got the better of their consideration as to insist on a repetition of it. The piece was announced for a second representation with very general approbation.

11.—Brutus—Giovanni in London.

12.—Adeline—Three and the Deuce—Paul and Virginia.

13.—Riches—Adeline—LOVE IN HUMBLE LIFE, [1st time.]—Coronation.

This is an adaptation from the French stage, and possesses all the peculiarities which characterize the productions of that school. It is of a light and playful cast, with an occasional touch of homely feeling. The story is that of a soldier, named *Ronceslaus*, who having received from his dying Colonel a bequest of a large sum of money, resolves to divide it between a girl named *Christine*, who had nursed him when wounded, and preserved his life, and his aged father. To the former he forwards the share allotted her, without discovering the source of her good fortune; the latter has been placed by death beyond the reach of his good intentions. Some time afterwards his regiment halting for two hours in the village where *Christine* had lived as barmaid of an inn, *Ronceslaus* calls there for refreshment, and finds her mistress of the house. A mutual explanation takes place, and in his rough and unsophisticated military style he solicits her consent to marry him; which she refuses, on the ground of a promise she had made some years before to a cousin, from whom she had never since heard, and therefore feared he had forgotten her; but engages to

become the wife of *Ronceslaus* after a few months, if in that time she could learn to forget her love for her cousin. The cousin arrives, and after some equivoque, which leads *Christine* to suppose that he had determined to give up all thoughts of marriage, while *Karnitz*, the cousin, imagines that she is already married to *Ronceslaus*, an *eclaircissement* is brought about, and *Ronceslaus* unites the hands of the two cousins, giving them that portion of his Colonel's bequest which he had designed for his father, and, with blessings and prayers for their happiness, takes his leave and joins his regiment on its march. The language of the piece presented nothing striking, either in point of beauty or defect; but the dialogue is drawn out, and the action of the piece protracted almost to dullness. Mr. COOPER pourtrayed with warmth and feeling the blunt and unaffected generosity of the warm-hearted soldier. Mr. KNIGHT infused a considerable portion of his inimitable drollery and humour into his expression of the varied emotions of the rustic *Karnitz*; and Miss S. BOOTH played *Christine* with her accustomed taste and judgment, skilfully blending the spirited, the playful, and the pathetic, as the feeling varied with the turn of the story. The piece was received with general approbation, and its announcement for repetition met with no opposition.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Journal of Performances, with Remarks.

January 12th.—Beggar's Opera—Two Pages—Mother Bunch—14. Exile—Ibid.—15. Rob Roy—Ibid.—16. Two Gentlemen of Verona—Ibid.—17. Exile—Ibid.—18. Beggar's Opera—Ibid.—19. Two Gentlemen of Verona—Ibid. 21.—Exile—Ibid.—22. Rob Roy—Ibid.—23. Beggar's Opera—Two Pages—Ibid.—24. Romeo and Juliet—Ibid.

The tragedy introduced a new candidate for tragic fame, in the person of Miss FANNY BRUNTON, who made her first obeisance to a London audience in the character of *Juliet*. This young lady is in person by no means tall of her age, (eighteen, as we have been given to understand) but her

figure is finely moulded; her limbs gracefully and elegantly turned; her countenance beautiful and interesting; her features soft and regular, and not deficient in expression.

Her happiest efforts were those of the playful scenes with her nurse, and those most expressive of the tenderness and confidence of her lover, in the scenes with *Romeo*, particularly that in the balcony and the parting scene; her peevishness at the baulking of her eager expectancy by the nurse's interruption with the question of "Where's your mother?"—of her communication of what had passed in her interview with *Romeo*, was admirably expressed; and her death was well conceived and finely executed. Her whole performance was a fine specimen of art, reflecting the highest credit upon her talents and docility, and upon the taste and judgment of her instructors, and was rewarded with the warmest expressions of approbation by a crowded and well-satisfied audience. Mr. MACREADY was the *Romeo* of the evening. His challenge of *Tybalt*, his scene at the tomb, and his struggles under the racking effects of the poison, stimulated into more potent action by the agitation of his mind on discovering that *Juliet* was not dead, were fine specimens of the vigorous and energetic character of his peculiar style.

25.—Two Gentlemen of Verona—Mother Bunch.—26. Tempest—Ibid.—28 Romeo and Juliet—Ibid —29. Exile—Ibid.—30. Selection of Music.—31. Tempest—Mother Bunch.—Feb. 1. Two Gentlemen of Verona—Ibid.—2. Rob Roy—Ibid.—4. Exile—Ibid.—5. Tempest—Ibid.—6. Two Gentlemen of Verona—Ibid.—7. Tempest—Ibid.—8. Exile —John of Paris.—9. Comedy of Errors—Blind Boy.—11. Exile—Mother Bunch.—12. Tempest—Two Pages.—13. Two Gentlemen of Verona—Mother Bunch.—14. MONTROSE; or, *the Children of the Mist.*—[1st time]—Raising the Wind.

The materials of the plot and dialogue of this operatic drama are transferred from the novel almost without qualification as far as they are used.

The business commences with the hiring of *Captain Dalgetty's*, [LISTON'S] services on behalf of King Charles. The mustering of the rebel forces succeeds; after that comes the mission of the *Captain* to the *Marquis of Argyle*,

[CHAPMAN]—his imprisonment—the encounter with *Ranald*, [YATES] in the dungeon—his struggle with *Argyle*, and escape consequent thereon. The plot is then drawn on by portions of the most spirited and descriptive dialogue in the novel, arising from the more indirect incidents, until the battle commences. The mysterious eloquence of *Allan Macauley*, [ABBOTT] and of *Ranald of the Mist*, both men of "double sight," occupies a considerable portion of the whole time, while they are clearing up the adventures of the past and foretelling the future. So far the legend was a matter of too difficult apprehension, the whole interest being wrapped up in a system of soothsaying, the peculiar traditions of which are scarcely known to any but Scotch antiquaries. *Annot Lyle*, [Miss STEPHENS] is the subject of rival passon between two of the heroes, *Allan Macauley* and the *Earl of Monteith*, [DURUSET] as in the novel: she marries the latter with the consent of the former, who banishes himself. The catastrophe is softened by this means, as compared with the book, though at the expense of probability. *Ranald* receives his death wound from *Allan* after the battle, though they have fought on the same side, from the remembrance of some former feud between their clans.

The music was generally original, and the songs by Miss STEPHENS were given with artless simplicity and sweetness. The Scenery is beyond praise. Three pieces, however, may be named, but their merit can only be appreciated on seeing them. One of them discovers a landscape of bold rocky acclivities and projections, growing out from the rising mist, which is driven gradually away until the horizon is revealed. The second is a view of the Fifeshire coast, with the Firth and inlets, the town and other objects highly wrought up. The third is the encampment and surrounding landscape, especially noticing the foreground of the middle piece of scenery. The battle is the best incident, and indeed the only effective representation of the pell-mell havoc of a general action, with horse and foot yet exhibited. While it was performing there was an equally earnest contention among the audience, as to the merit or demerit of the attempt The effect was, however, too powerful, for the dissentients, and the applauses became entirely overwhelming. It would be useless at this time of day, after they have so

long held possession of the public mind, for criticism to examine into the propriety of such spectacles.

15.—Montrose—Mother Bunch.—16. Ibid—Husband and Wife.—18. Ibid—Mother Bunch.—19. Ibid—Libertine.—20. No performance.

MINOR DRAMA.

SURREY THEATRE.

Jan. 14.—LEONORA, *or the Apparition on the White Horse* ; or *Love in all its Horrors.*—This is one of those admirable burlesque *anomalous* productions, in which the genius of Mr. DIBDIN delights to revel: it is a kind of ridicule on the modern horrific romances of the press, and the Stage. To give the *plot* of a piece, in itself irregular and totally deviating from all known methodical rules would be impossible:—Mr. WYATT as Sir *Polypus the Pale* is desperately in love with the fair *Leonora*, [Miss ADCOCK], daughter of the *Baron Von Blixendonder*, by the father's side, and being unable to obtain her father's consent, (like Sir Guy of old) turns hermit, and resides in a cell in the rock on which the Baron's Castle is built, and sends forth his "*moans and groans*" to the "*cold flinty*" Walls. In this seclusion he is supplied with provision, and a "*drop of the comfort*," by *Young Nick*, [HERRING] the son of *Old Nick*, the Sexton of the Village, [ELLIS], to whom he gives a love epistle for his "*heart's delight*," but being informed by him that "*a man of might and main*," a cruel Saracen, one *Bobo Ben Bemir with the hand of flint*, [RIDGWAY], has been paying his vows to the "*lady fair*" and "*blasted his dearest fondest hopes*"—he determines "*with vengeful ire*" on challenging to "*mortal combat*" the bold destroyer of his peace. To fulfil his intention, he charges his Squire *Fizgig the faithful, with the hand of steel*, [SALTER], to execute the commission. This is done with all due formality and ceremonial, and a battle takes place between them in which *Sir Polypus* is slain. His apparition on a White Horse; "*in horrid guise*" appears at a grand banquet, given in honour of the conqueror,

which "*puts the rabble to the rout—puffs all the candles out*" and fills every one with horror and dismay. However, this "MOSTE DOLEFULL TRAGEDIE MIXED FULL OF MIRTHE AND MERRIE CONCEYTE," is not yet brought to a close. The Lady it appears consents to accept the hand of that "*cruel cruel man*," the Saracen; when at the moment the ceremony is about to commence, she, in all the heroic furor of despair, plunges a dagger into her "*liiy white bosom*"—the spectre appears, she mounts behind, and amidst smoke "*fire and fury*" they sink—"*to the shades below.*"

The comicalities of WYATT are brought into excellent play. His sudden alarm at the intelligence of a rival, his combat, and death, were truly whimsical. The acting of Mr. GOMERY, as *Bruno the Black*, the valet of *Sir Roderick the Red*, (brother of *Leonora*) was very rich. As was that of Mr. SALTER as *Fizgig*, the *collision* of whose hand of *steel*, with the Saracens hand of *flint*, produced *scintillations* of genuine *laughter* from the audience. Mr. BENGOUGH, as *Roderick*, Mr. HERRING, and Mr. RIDGWAY, played with much humour; and the female characters were well sustained by Miss POOLE, and Miss ADCOCK. We trust Mr. DIBDIN will give loose to the reins of his exuberant fancy and present us with many more of these enlivening little pieces: they may not be unappropriately termed Stage *Jeux d'esprit;* and we can assure him that at his admirable burlesques of "*Giovanni*," "*Siege of Troy*" "*Seven Champions*," and the piece under notice we have "*laughed the hearts laugh*," and enjoyed the *mirth* "*that wrinkled care derides.*"

We understand several new and splendid pieces are in active preparation, among which a new *Equestrian drama*, to be called "*The Avenger!*" is most highly spoken of.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This elegant little theatre, which in consequence of some embarrassing circumstances had abruptly closed its doors, again re-opened under a fresh management, on Monday, the 11th Feb. The company is, with a few exceptions, the

same; and to supply the vacancies occasioned by the recent interruption of their labours, the best available talent has been retained. The *Pirate*, which at the period alluded to, was rapidly increasing in popularity, was again brought forward in all its original splendor. Mr. POWER's personation of *Captain Cleveland*, was as before, conspicuous, for the highest merit. A more perfect portraiture of the "gentleman rover," could scarcely be presented. Mrs. WARING made her first appearance as *Norna*, and elicited the highest applause by her just and forcible delineation of the incentives and attributes of the character. Her voice is clear, audible, and of considerable strength; her action is appropriate; and her manner dignified and imposing. In the more pathetic traits of the character she evinced great sensibility and feeling. The rest of the characters were effectively sustained.

Life in London has also been re-produced with entire new scenery, incidents, songs, dresses, &c., and the exertions of the actors were crowned with extraordinary success. Mr. LEWIS sustained *Corinthian Tom*, with ability—and COVENEY, as *Jerry*, was admirable—his drunken scene, in particular. VALE's *Logic*, was played with his usual ability, and his songs were well given. The whole of the Scenery, which is painted by GREENWOOD, is appropriate and effective. The views in London are displayed with great fidelity. The burletta, "*All at Coventry*," has been played as afterpiece. POWER's *Timothy* was highly amusing, and Mr. PAYNE, as *Ramble*, performed with judgment, and sang inimitably. Mrs. COVENEY's *Catherine*, was a very pleasing performance—and she sang "*Oh! say not woman's love is bought*," with great taste. Mr. LANCASTER, as *Snags*, and Mr. MILDENHALL, as *Lustre*, filled their respective characters with a degree of talent seldom witnessed on the boards of a minor theatre. Pretty Miss HEALEY must not be forgotten—she acted and sang delightfully. The above pieces have since been repeated every evening to overflowing audiences of the most fashionable description. This we are truly happy to perceive, as the house is entitled in all its various departments to the most extensive patronage and support. We are glad to announce that sentence of *transportation* will shortly be proclaimed on that vile

libertine *Don Giovanni;* but we trust it will not be for 7 or 14 years, but for life. Many, we have no doubt will be *transported* with the intelligence.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

Dec. 9th.—TOM AND JERRY; or, *Life in London.*—This is a selection of scenes, from PIERCE EGAN'S famous work, under the same title, and consist of the adventures of *Tom* and *Jerry*, in their rambles and sprees, through *Life in London.* Several of the Scenes, are very laughable—particularly the night row at Temple-bar, and *All Max* in the east, in which the meeting of all the celebrated beggars and ballad singers of the metropolis is displayed. WRENCH plays *Tom* with much spirit, and Mr. JOHN REEVE, *Jerry*, with great effect. The piece has been played every night to overflowing houses.

26th.—BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, or, *Harlequin, and the Magic Rose.*—This Pantomime is founded on the well known nursery tale of the same name. The *Prince* metamorphosed for his vanity into a *Beast*, is in due time changed into the motley hero of Pantomime *Harlequin.* The amiable daughter of the ruined Merchant *Carasco*, who has fallen in love with the *Prince*, notwithstanding his brutal outside is changed by the wand of the fairy *Moonbeam* into *Columbine. Carasco*, her father becomes *Pantaloon*, followed by his servant *Bellows-head* as *Clown.* The usual routine of hair breadth escapes, assaults, felonies, and petty larcenies follows, in which Signor PAULO is very efficient, and after poor *Pantaloon*, has received a competent share of contusions, the piece concludes in the usual manner in the palace of the fairy *Moonbeam.* Some of the Scenes are pretty—particularly the *residence of the Beast, Waterloo Bridge*, and the last Scene; the tricks were few, but good, and well managed. The waggish roguery of the the *Clown*, who in the disguise of book-keeper, at an inn, effects the transfer of a hampers contents, consisting of fowls, turkeys and meat for the Churchwarden's feast, into a hamper of scraps for the poor, was particularly relished.

CHELTENHAM THEATRE.

Cheltenham, Feb. 8, 1822.

MR. DRAMA,

TOBIN'S comedy of the "*Honey Moon*," was performed here on the 7th inst. The principal characters were sustained by amateurs.

The *Duke Aranza* found a judicious representative in a Mr. BISHOP, and the plaudits of a crowded house bore evident testimony to the merits of his performance. Mr. COSSENS, who enacted the *Count Montalban*, had better "tie his every thought" down to the desk, and wield the quill of that bird whose silliness he possesses so considerable a share of. We recommend him the perusal of GARRICK'S excellent prologue to the farce of the "*Apprentice*." Mr. GREEN was very proficient as *Rolando*—we esteem him much, and shall be happy to recognize him again in some character of greater import.

Imagine, (Mr. DRAMA) a squat sort of a figure, a Dr. SLOP'S very self, only about two inches higher, with a most preposterous head, oblong, something after the shape of that membra of the doctor's poney—imagine this, and you see a faithful portrait of the representative of *Jaquez*. TOBIN himself would have failed to recognize his mirth-stirring *Jaquez* in the hands of Mr. STENNETT—his attempt at comic wit were extremely vulgar. We presume this will be Mr. STENNETT'S last effort; he has not the slightest pretensions to the stage, and we trust this will be a seasonable hint. The several performers were respectable in their parts.

JONATHAN OLDBUCK.

On the 23rd of January, as Mr. ALGAR, the auctioneer, had commenced selling the dresses and property at the West London Theatre, the stage gave way with a tremendous crash, and precipitated several of the company below; we are happy to say, no serious accident occurred.

Printed by T. and J. Elvey, Castle-street, Holborn.

Engraved from an original Painting by T. Illman.

Mr. KNIGHT,

AS JOEY,

IN MODERN ANTIQUES.

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